FASHION'S CAPRICE.

BLACK CHIFFON USED AS A NOVEL TRIMMING.

A Tasteful Dress Made of Chiffon—Description of a Handsome and Simple Costume. Revers and Stole Tabs Give an Artistic Touch.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, July 19.—It is a novel caprice, that of trimming a bright and shining silk that reflects a dozen changing colors with black chiffon, but it has been done and with success, and as every success is repeated let us talk this one over a bit. The dress, as I said, is of chameleon silk that is also striped with algerian colors, so perhaps it needed just the toning given by the

POETRY IN DRY GOODS.

black cobwebby texture of the chiffon. All around the bottom is a narrow self ruching, and starting from that and mounting quite to the knees are 12 slanting ruffles of chiffon, each one falling forward and ending under a rosette of black ribbon. The chiffon is bordered with black silk floss in scallops. A wide black sash and stiff belt also added their sobering effect. There is a bertha, doubled on the shoulders of the chiffon, which forms a fichu in front, the ends reaching down nearly to the knees in a round jabot. The delicate shading afforded by the diaphanous black film makes the gown lovely and almost poetic.

Quite poetic is the new tea gown, also endowed with a wealth of chiffon, but this is of a light golden hue to match the brown and green silk which forms the upper and more important part of the tea gown. This graceful dress is cut to half fit the figure in front and has somewhat of a watteau shape in the back, where it trains in heavy folds. The under portion or front is of gold colored chiffon plaited over pink silk. Across the bottom and twice across the skirt and once across the bust soft silk lace is sewed, and the loose front is partly adjusted by shell pink ribbon fastened with a rosette. There is a wide bertha collar of plaited chiffon edged with the lace and falls of chiffon at the elbow, where the large puff ends. And there is such a dainty little tea cap of chiffon and pink ribbon that it is no wonder that I have rebelled in the description of the poetic gown. Who would not find a cup of tea cheering prepared by a lady in such a dress?

I never saw a whole dress made of chiffon until yesterday, but the dress in question was very tasteful, and it somehow did not look as thin as it should. This was made of ciel blue accordion plaited chiffon over blue taffeta, and the waist was drooped down in the upper portion, hanging in broken folds over a corselet of dark blue velvet, and the fore part of the sleeves and the collar were also of velvet. There was an epaulet collar of rich lace.

White lace is used frequently to trim gowns of the widest contrast, such as black silk and frequently novelty woolens. A black faille had a full flounce of white Russian lace all around it and up on the right side in a double jabot, which was enriched with a looped bow of pale blue ribbon and dull gold buckle. The double breasted corsage was also lavishly trimmed with white lace, and the black parasol was trimmed to match the dress, blue bow and all. There was a narrow piping of blue satin ribbon at the head of the flounce, and also on the waist, and a blue chiffon ruff at the neck. Pale blue and black go together admirably.

I was struck by a walking costume that I saw and thought how very little it needs to give a special effect to any costume if skillful fingers do the work. There was a pretty gray gown, with a

NOVEL SUMMER GOWNS.

plain tailor finished skirt and simple French waist with no special effort at trimming. The sleeves were gigot, but were opened up the outside of the arm, and the open places were bound with tailor braid and had silk buttons. At the neck there was a small bow, and two sharply pointed revers had a rich trimming consisting of honiton point applique. From under these fell two long tabs reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt, trimmed in the same manner. The idea was extremely simple, but suggested in some indefinable way a long and elegant wrap and one intended to be quite dressy. The same gown minus these revers and stole tabs would be but a very ordinary looking dress.

OLIVE HARPER.

Flower Girls In Uniform.

In room 28 of 7 Warren street 12 pretty girls stood at a long table at about 8 o'clock yesterday morning up to their ears and eyes in roses, pansies and sweet peas, which they swiftly sorted and formed into buttonhole bouquets. These boutonnieres, when finished, were placed in wicker baskets ready to be carried out and sold.

A new idea was put in practice yesterday in New York. The bouquet company, superintended by F. C. Clark and managed by Mr. Hamilton, scored a tremendous success in San Francisco last year, and if things turn out as brightly here we will soon see uniformed flower girls in all parts of the city.

The young girls employed live at home and are to be paid regular salaries, according to their worth as saleswomen. The entire company is run on strictly military principles. At present there are two captains, Misses Wagner and Haine, who will receive $7.50 a week; the lieutenants' salaries will be $7, sergeants $6.50 and the privates $6 per week. Later will be added inspectors and superintendents, according to the promotion of the young soldiers, which depends entirely on the amount of sales made, conduct and executive ability.

After $2.50 worth of bouquets are sold the successful ones receive 20 per cent of the amount taken, and this will be added to their regular salaries.—New York Herald.

Matthew Hale Set Right.

The Boston Transcript says: "One of the most excited of the male 'remonstrants' in New York is the lawyer, Mr. Matthew Hale. In the June Forum he attributes to women 'an irrepressible tendency to extreme exaggeration.' As a glaring illustration of the peculiarly feminine tendency he mentions that a New York woman suffragist is reported as saying, 'We have but one slave nowadays, and that slave is woman.' He seems not to be aware that the New York woman was merely quoting a famous saying of a distinguished man—Victor Hugo. The use of the word slavery as synonymous with deprivation of political rights is somewhat rhetorical, no doubt, but masculine literature bristles with it from the day when the Scottish bard wrote:

"Now's the day and now's the hour.
See the front of battle lower,
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! Chains and slavery!

"But it is not necessary to go back to Burns. If Matthew Hale thinks the use of highly colored rhetoric is peculiar to women, let him take a course of modern campaign speeches."

When the Grate Is Closed.

To destroy the sooty smell that often fills a room after an open grate has been closed for the summer I have used newspapers and coffee. Last week I found the library filled with a peculiar odor, as I have described, from the grate. I had the girl make a fire with newspapers, mixing freely ground coffee with kindling wood and paper. There was at first a decided smell of paper, but the coffee soon began to burn and acted as a disinfectant. The whole atmosphere of the room was seemingly purified, and after a half hour's airing it was the most pleasant place in the house. I closed the doors and windows and opened the jar containing the rose potpourri, shook up the leaves, and in another half hour the library was ready for you to enter, and I would have been greatly disappointed had you not made some exclamation of pleasure as you met the delicate perfume.—Housekeeper.

The Monocle

The monocle has appeared in the shops of New York, and the ultra fashionables are adopting these little fastidious affairs. It has a short handle and a gold or silver rim. Many of the fashionable women who have decided to gaze at the world through a monocle are displaying great originality in the frame which they select for the little round glass. A young woman in bereavement screws into her left eye a monocle framed in a narrow rim of black enamel, and if she uses one with a handle this will also be in black. A favorite monocle has a silver handle and rim, inlaid with turquoise.

Women Teeth Cleaners.

A firm of London fashionable dentists has introduced the occupation of "denticure," which, in plain English, "is the art of cleansing the teeth." Young women are sent out from the office to visit customers daily, like manicures, and properly and personally, as it would seem from the reading of the account, perform the office of brushing the teeth. So sanguine are the introducers of the new scheme that they assert that "many a gentlewoman who hitherto has been unable to find congenial employment will, in denticure, secure an occupation at once interesting and remunerative."

Prunes and Appendicitis.

The fact, stated the other day by a contemporary in a letter to the editor, of the writer's belief that the daily eating of prunes is a preventive of appendicitis is an interesting one. The letter cited the record of a fruit valley in California whose 75,000 residents should be in constant menace of the trouble because of the continuous fruit season and the habit of eating seeds. Yet not one, it was reported, had ever had a symptom of appendicitis, and the correspondent, as has been said, attributes this immunity to daily prune eating.

The gently laxative property of this fruit is well known, and it is probably this action which makes it of value. Its action on the liver, too, is beneficial, and it has besides a considerable nutritive excellence, making it a valuable family food. It is a good plan to prepare 5 or 10 pounds at a time, saving time and having it always ready. Let the prunes stand at least four hours in water enough to cover them. Then put on in a little cold water—just enough to keep from burning—and stew very slowly, closely covered. When done, and they should be plump and tender at this stage, add 2 pounds of sugar to 5 pounds of fruit, and leave them on the stove for perhaps 15 minutes longer. Pack in jars and serve freely.—New York Times.

1804—COMPARATIVE FASHIONS—1884.
—Boston Budget.

Cutting Up Old Ties.

It would hardly be thought that it would be worth while to construct a machine expressly for the cutting up of old ties for fuel, and yet the operation of a new shearing machine which is used for that purpose is said to have been found most satisfactory. The blades are about eight inches wide, with a clearance between them of about one inch, so that old spikes, etc., can pass through. The machine is driven by a belt wheel and runs at about 20 strokes a minute, cutting 120 cords of wood per day from ties and telegraph poles. The pieces are crushed in cutting so that they can be split lengthwise with an ax.—Lumberman.

Celtic Blood and Girl Babies.

A curious and interesting fact given by the register general in his statistics for 1893 is that in the Celtic portions of the United Kingdom the proportion of the female births is much higher than it is in the non-Celtic portions. The highest proportions are found in Cumberland, Cornwall and north Wales, while south Wales is only a little way down in the list and has a proportion considerably above the average for the whole country. The proportion of female births is higher in Ireland and Scotland than in England.—Cardiff Western Mail.

GENIUS TACKLED THE OLD PIANO.

And All It Asked In Return Was a Cup of the Strongest, Well Filled.

At the foot of East Ninety-second street and just a few yards from the Astoria ferry house is a small cottage which has been transformed into a barroom. At one side a pavilion extends some distance out over the water, and in this pavilion are a piano and many tables and chairs. The place is a great resort for the young men and women living in the neighborhood. Anybody who likes is allowed to sit down at the piano, and as dancing is the favorite amusement in the vicinity the instrument is constantly in use, the result being that it is all out of tune, and when touched makes noises not unlike those made by a combination of small boy, tin pan and stick. It would be hard to convince anybody that music of any quality could be got from the battered instrument, yet on Decoration day music such as is seldom heard outside the very highest class of concerts was ground out of that piano under circumstances quite extraordinary.

It was about 3 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, and the pavilion was crowded with men and women, young and old. The young people had been singing and dancing, when suddenly the girl who had been playing the piano rose from the stool and ran to the other side of the pavilion. As she did so an unpleasant apparition made its appearance. It was a tramp, with long hair, unshaven face and a general greasy appearance. His clothes were in tatters; his toes stuck out of his ruptured shoes; his old hat was battered and torn. The women began gigging, and one of the young men, a youth of the Jimmy Fresh type, shied a piece of crust at him. The man paid no attention to the people, but steered straight for the piano, his eyes threatening to pop out of his head as he gazed at the instrument. Just as he reached the stool and was preparing to sit down a waiter ran up and grabbed him by the neck and threw him nearly across the pavilion.

"You git," he said. "What the devil do you mean by coming in here anyway?"

The tramp picked himself up, looked around in a dazed fashion and somewhat plaintively and much more huskily said: "Jes' let me touch her up a bit, pardner. You won't be sorry," and started for the piano again. No one interfered with him this time, and seating himself on the stool he ran his fingers over the keys in a fashion which made his audience open their eyes. Two or three times he ran up and down the keys, and then suddenly he branched off, and in a second he was rendering a most exquisite bit of music,. It was the "Traumerei." In a style which was absolutely faultless the pianist played it through, and when the last chords of the exquisite melody had been sounded he suddenly began Mendelssohn's "Song Without Words." This also he played through, and then he rose from the piano stool and looked around him, and a smile broke over his dirty face.

"Say," he said in a husky voice, "ain't that worth a drink?"

No one made any reply. At first the people seemed dazed. A stout German was the first to recover. "Yes," he said, "of course you can have a drink. Hey, waiter, come here!" Then turning to the tramp "W[illegible] will you have?"

"Whisky, and say, waiter, plenty of it."

After tossing off the liquor as though it were water the man turned to the German and said, "Friend, if yer'll promise me one more drink, I'll play you something else that'll tickle you if yer anything on music."

"Go on," replied the German, and the tramp slid up to the piano again and was soon in the middle of Chopin's "Twelfth Nocturne." Finishing this, he played Roff's "Cavatina," and then springing up cried out, "Give me that drink quick, and I'll go." He grasped the liquor that the waiter brought him, tossed it off and started for the street. The German followed him. Outside he stopped him and said: "See here, friend, I want you to tell me something about yourself. Maybe I can help you."

The tramp stopped and looked at him a moment. Then he burst out laughing.

"Every one that hears me play wants ter help me. Fer two years people have been trying ter help me. All I can say ter them is that nothin but liquor'll help me, and it'll take er lot of that ter. Well, I guess you won't help me the way I want, so I'll leave yer. Good day," and he started down the street.

The last seen of him he was entering a saloon on the corner below. He went in the side door. A moment later he came out of the front door a little more hastily than he entered. The German shook his head and returned to the pavilion. For five or ten minutes the tramp and his remarkable genius were the sole topic of conversation. Then somebody started banging away at the piano, and in a few minutes the place had regained its wonted tone.—New York Sun.

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A Knotty Question.

Tommy—Say, paw.

Mr. Figg—What do you want now?

Tommy—Can a whole knot be a knot whole when it is not a knot hole or not?—Indianapolis Journal.

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